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BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
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FOR ZION'S HERALD.

THE SABBATH.

NO. III.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

MR. EDITOR—In my last number, I introduced to you some ministers of the gospel, who, however paradoxical it may seem, habitually violate the sacred Sabbath. Were it necessary, I could give you a column of quotations, in demonstration of this, but it is too obvious to need further proof. In the present number, I shall consider this subject as it regards church members. How many of these range their gardens and fields on Sabbath mornings, hoeing a little here, pulling a weed there, making arrangements for ploughing, planting, and building—buying and selling, talking about the cattle, sheep, crops, &c. How many more travel for pleasure—visit a mother, brother, sister, friend, or acquaintance, and spend the day in eating, drinking, and idle chit-chat. How many more pass the streets before and after meeting, halting and gazing at every corner, or call on their neighbors to while away holy time? How many collect at the door of the church, to see every thing that may be going or coming, and to talk with every body, upon every subject which may chance to be broached? How many more may be found on journeys, in stages, steam and canal boats, rail-road cars, and private carriages? How many in their stores, posting books, taking account of stock, marking goods, calculating profits, or making out bills? How many more in their factories, or work shops, taking drafts, repairing machinery, cleaning boilers, and doing other small jobs, in and about their establishments, to save time? How many own stock in establishments, such as steamboats, rail-roads, stages, &c., which they know will operate in direct violation of the fourth commandment? How many more send, or go to the Post Office, peddle out milk, retail cider, segars, apples, meat, and other things, which ought to be obtained on Saturday? In all these ways, and more, the day of God is desecrated by many who claim heirship to heaven. And what is their apology? To say, Business is urgent, and I must go—or have been gone long, and must get home—Mother or friend is sick, and wants to see me—or, if I don't own in Sabbath-breaking establishments, somebody else will—or, if I don't sell milk, meat, &c., on the Sabbath, I cannot other days, may quiet conscience, but it by no means satisfies the claims of God. Was not your mother or friend sick yesterday? Would not ten dollars detain you from your journey another day? Might you not obtain a livelihood without breaking the Sabbath?

Another mode of breaking the Sabbath practised among professing Christians is, the going a distance to attend meeting Sabbath morning. I refer now particularly to riding or sailing off some ten or fifteen miles, for the purpose of having a sail or ride, or of visiting a friend, on the pretext of going to meeting. Such should remember that God knows their business perfectly, and will deal with them, not according to their pretensions, but according to their conduct and motives. If interest or duty require them to leave their own meeting, and go such a distance to another, duty at least, requires, that they go Saturday and return Monday, or some other day. "But," it is said, "I have no time to go or come on a week day." I answer, this is evidence, *prima facie*, that you have mistaken your duty; for God requires nothing at our hands, that he has not given us abundant time to perform, without violating either of his commandments.

Many professing Christians go farther than this. They even engage in their business after meeting, as on any other day. I was informed, not long since, that Mr. —, a preacher of the gospel, (now dead) was accustomed after preaching on the Sabbath, to go into his field, to work. The practice of his people we may easily imagine. Said a pious lady of an adjacent town, the other day, "I should like the —, if they paid more attention to the Sabbath. I cannot have so much clarity for people who work on First-day." The disclosures which followed were truly appalling.

Now, sir, let me ask, can God witness such things, and yet be silent? If he the same being he was in days of old, he must take vengeance. Surely, we ought to tremble, lest he consume us by the breath of his mouth, and appoint us our portion with unbelievers.

East Greenwich, R. I., May 12, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
LETTERS TO A FRIEND.
NO. X.

DEAR SIR—I shall continue, in this letter, the subject of *Universalist inconsistencies*. The next point, to which I shall call your attention, is the custom of the Universalists in urging their hearers to the practice of good morals. On the principles of evangelical Christianity, it is perfectly proper to insist on this, as the duty of all men. But, on the principles of Universalism, it is rebellion against the government of God!

"We, therefore, must admit that God, by putting mankind into mortal bodies, subjects them to vanity; and that all their crimes and sufferings will, by him, be made to terminate in good, the good of man, and the pleasure and glory of God himself."—p. 253.

"We must believe that, whatever the condition of any of the human family is in this life, it is so by Divine appointment."—p. 316.

Rev. Samuel Hutchinson, a Universalist, in a treatise entitled "A Scriptural exhibition," &c. published at Norway, Me. in 1828, says:—

"Christ saw that it was best to suffer sin, or the Devil,

to assume his authority, and establish false religion in his kingdom, in such a manner as to work the highest degree of wickedness and blasphemy."—p. 97.

These extracts show, that Universalists believe all the crimes and sufferings of men to be immutably determined by God, and that they are absolutely necessary to secure the happiness of men. He directs their choice to sin, and they have no power to frustrate his designs. He will not, however, let them sin or suffer any more than is absolutely necessary to fit them for that eternal weight of glory, for which he designs them!

With what consistency can a minister, who believes these things, preach morality? Would he have his hearers break the decrees of God, or vainly strive to frustrate the designs of the Almighty? Would he have them to forego the greatest possible good, and thereby rob God of his glory? Would he have them oppose their Maker's will, his wisdom, power, and goodness? Would he have them resist the power which directs their choice, and change their destiny in relation to their final happiness, which is inseparably connected with their crimes and sufferings? These men do not believe the principles they profess and teach, or they are insincere in urging morality upon their hearers as a duty. They cannot wish to succeed in persuading them to reform, if they believe all their crimes and sufferings will be productive of the greatest good.

Every man must desire the greatest share of good, and, as he will be more happy for sinning, he ought to sin all God has intended he should, that God's will may be done. On the other hand, if they do not sincerely believe these principles, they are a set of downright hypocrites; and, after solemnly publishing these theories to the world as the articles of their belief, if they do not believe them, after all they have said and written in their defence, they must be destitute of every principle of moral honesty and truth; and no assertions, they can now make, will entitle them to be believed on any subject whatever. They may choose which horn of this dilemma suits them best—for either will inevitably undo their cause.

Another discrepancy of their system, is the *injustice of God* in the punishment of sinners in this life, as exhibited by this theory of theirs. If God has determined the actions of man and their effects, he has punished them in this life for doing his will—for not breaking his decree, which they could no more do, than they could pluck the sun from his orbit. He makes them miserable, solely, to gratify his own malevolence. But, to set this subject in a stronger light, I will quote you the words of their own authors, omitting those terms only which express the duration of this punishment, for, if it is consistent with Divine benevolence to punish man at all for sins which God decreed, it is consistent for him to punish them eternally; for they assert, that "the existence and continuance is in accordance with the will, wisdom, power, and goodness of God." The following extracts are from a volume published by the Rev. Dan Foster, a Universalist, in reply to the Rev. Nathan Strong, and entitled *A Critical Examination*, &c. published at Walpole, N. H., in 1802:—

"Will Mr. S. allow that God hates sin? If he answers, that he does hate it, I say the following consequences are undeniable:—That God eternally hates that, which is the necessary means of producing his own glory, and the greatest good of the intelligent universe. God is, therefore, obliged to endure that which his soul hates; and to endure it, that he may be glorified."—p. 44.

"No abilities are sufficient, or ever will be, to reconcile sin and misery, in the universe of God, with any part of the Divine character."—p. 300.

"Pray, what attribute of God is illustriously displayed in the misery of sinners? It is a method of government that is, denounceably, unjust. What should we say of a mechanic, who could not construct a machine without leaving some important wheel, or spring, palpably out of place and disorder? Sin and misery, moral and physical evils, are the greatest evils in the universe."—p. 269.

Here we see, that all the arguments Universalists use against the doctrine of endless misery, are capable of being hurled, with two-fold force, against their own system: and, as I learned their use in the school of Universalism, I prefer them to any other; and, having an ample stock, I intend to return it to them with usury. I have but just begun to expose the scarlet-colored beast, and mother of harlots; but as I can get access to the public, I intend to show them the *infidel, hypocritical character of Universalism*.

ATHANASIUS.

Manchester, May 14, 1835.

[From the English Methodist Magazine, for 1806.]

ANECDOTE ON THE NEGLECT OF FAMILY PRAYER.

SOME years since, a gentleman of respectability, in the town of B—, W—r—k—, and at that time a pious dissenter, being the head of a family, thought it his duty to establish worship in his family, regularly reading a portion of God's word, before they addressed the Divine Majesty in solemn and devout prayer. This institution he found, by experience, met with the approbation of the great Governor of the universe, and was of no small advantage to his household. Therefore, the hour appointed for this exercise of devotion was respected, and attended to for some time. But in a while, business increasing, and he believing it his duty to oblige his customers, began to be remiss in the important duty in which he had so prudently engaged, and in which, for a time, he so faithfully persevered. Omission appearing one day, the ordinance was dispensed with; and the world, urging its demand, ere long another day came, when business pressed, and solicited their attention during the sacred moments which had before been allotted for family worship. Duty had its voice, and softly but justly urged its right. But, alas! the world, the alluring world exhibited its attractions, and its cares pressed; and having the unhappy advantage of general example, it drowned the calls of duty (now become feeble) by that universal clamor, "We must live;" drowning, thereby, the voice of conscience and reflection, which faintly whispered,

"We must die!" Time after time, the duty was omitted: and soon, three or four days would elapse, during which "Ichabod" might be read in legible characters on the place where they were wont to kneel, in humble prostration before the Author of their being.

In about three months after this declension, the harbingers of death visited his house, and two of his amiable children, with a young man, his nephew, were seized with a violent fever, which, in a short time, deprived him of those who were even more dear to him than the world, at whose inebriating streams he had been so immediately drinking. His charming boy, and lovely girl, fell a prey to the fatal malady, and were, both, committed to the dust the same day! Thus two-thirds of his promising offspring were taken away by one stroke! Will the serious reader need to be informed, that the father, thus visited, knew these afflictions did not arise from the dust—that he knew the rod, and who had appointed it—reflected on his conduct—felt acute sensations, turned to his God, erected the domestic altar, collected his charge, and humbly offered the needful sacrifice in the regular manner he had before done. May we not learn from this, the extreme folly of suffering matters of eternal importance to yield to those of momentary use? God speaketh once, yea, twice, and man regardeth it not. But if he continue to turn a deaf ear to the calls of duty, death may, ere long, address him with inflexible authority, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee! Then whose shall all these things be?" T. PINDER.

[From the New York Weekly Messenger.]

"ALL IS WELL."

Last words of Bishop M'Kendree.

"Who kindred left,
And home and ease, and all the cultured joys,
Conveniences, and delicate delights
Of ripe society; in the great cause
Of man's salvation greatly valourous;
The warrior of Messiah, messenger
Of peace, and light, and life, whose eye, unsealed,
Saw up the path of immortality
Far into bliss."

Sentinel! long hast thou trod
To and fro on Zion's walls;
Guardian for the hosts of God!
Now thy Captain for thee calls:
Yet before thou dost retire,
Mournfully we ask—O tell!
For our Israel we inquire—
Does she prosper—is all well?

Thou for her hast often wept—
Late and early hath thine eye
Love's most constant vigil kept,
Fearful that the foe were nigh;
Now thou dost resign thy post;
In the inner courts to dwell,
Servant of the Lord of Hosts,
Sound thy watchword—All is well!

Death, we know, sits on thy brow,
Wearyd nature's welcome guest
Gently waits to lull thee now,
To repose on Jesus' breast:
Love's solicitude would say,
Brother, longer with us dwell;
He who claims thee, answers may,
Tell us, then, is all yet well?

See! the convoy now is near
To convey him to the skies;
Hark! do ye the watchword hear?
Soft! he is about to rise—
Solemnly the accents sound,
Hosts of Israel! All is well!

Lo! the chariot leaves the ground,
Faithful sentinel! farewell!

Rise in triumph, dauntless one,
Veteran chief of Israel's band,
Now thy Captain cries, Well done!
Rest thee here at my right hand;
Thou the fight of faith has fought,
In my peaceful presence dwell,
Wear the crown by Jesus bought,
Shout victorious, All is well!

Who such zeal will emulate?
Traverse mountain, hill and dale?
Foremost in the battle wait?
Firm, where bolder natures quail?
Who like thee, with watchful eye,
Shall the "Ivan" clarion swell?
Foil the foe! then raise the cry,
Hosts of Israel, All is well!

SHEPHERDESS.

ENGLISH DELEGATES.—Rev. Dr. Cox, and Rev. James Holy, have lately arrived in this country from England, as delegates from the London Baptist Union and the Irish Missionary Society, to the American Baptist Convention, which recently held its Anniversary at Richmond, Va.

The sentiments of these delegates are replete with expressions of fraternal regard and Christian fellowship. We love to see this spirit between Christians of different nations, and especially by those of England and the United States. It will be productive of incalculable good, and, ought, on all occasions, to be cultivated and cherished. For the following we are indebted to the N. Y. Evangelist.—

Sabbath morning, heard Rev. Dr. Cox, delegate from England, preach from Psalm lxxii. 19, "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory." "This truth," he said, "is the devil's dread, the Christian's prayer, and the joyful anticipation of angelic intelligences." I have not room for the notes which I took of his discourse. He said, "Man without religion is a miserable being, but let him become a Christian and he becomes a happy man. It is this desire in God's people, to make men happy through the influence of gospel truth, that has, under God's blessing, established Sabbath schools; produced revivals of religion, and the like. It is an exhibition of this spirit that has made America the admiration of Britain. It is this spirit which has induced us to cross the At-

lantic and unite with you in the prayer and the spirit of our text, Let the whole earth be filled with his glory." His discourse was interesting, and drew tears of joy from many eyes. As he closed, I heard individuals around me remarking "The religion of Christ is indeed the same every where." A collection was taken for domestic missions. It is said there are 200,000 persons in Virginia who never hear the gospel preached, at least do not attend public worship!

A number of interesting addresses were made, by the Rev. Dr. Cox, Dr. Going, Rev. Mr. Plummer, of the Presbyterian church, and a number of others. Although I have heard Mr. Plummer a number of times at the New York anniversary, I think on this occasion he went far beyond himself. At least, it was one of his happiest efforts. I have room for only one thought of Mr. P.: he said, "Our Presbyterian church has been much troubled about heresy, as you all know; but the two great heresies throughout the Christian church are STUPIDITY and COVETOUSNESS." In reference to the English delegates, he remarked,—"We have often heard it said, 'England and America against the world,' but it is not so; it is England and America for the world. That is, we are united, not in arms for blood, devastation, and war, but for peace—the peace of the gospel, and the salvation of the world."

Mr. Holy read a long address from the Baptist London Union, stating that they are separated from us by many waters, but are united to us by many ties of affection. They have 1000 churches, and 100,000 members. Dr. Cox, among other remarks, said, "I rejoice that we are united in sending missionaries to the wicked, infatuated, and infidel country of France. Our letter is only a fraternal epistle, which asks nothing but love. So that we, like two kindred spirits, descend to meet three kindred disciples on the mount of transfiguration, throwing ourselves as into the mighty stream of kindred affection, flowing like the majestic rivers of your delightful country. Our countries, in a geographical point of view, are far remote, but we are near in heart. We anticipate the time when your beautiful steam-boats will make our communication more frequent. I rejoiced to catch from your glistening eyes a response to the sentiment advanced the other day, that England and America shall be for the world. You have begun on one side, and we on the other, and we are already meeting together. Christians, we are one. Ours is the Baptist Union, and yours is the United States. We have come to see you and to say, How do you do? To see your schools, the operation of your large conventions, your protracted meetings, and your revivals. We have not come to teach you, but to learn every thing. We rejoice to sit at your feet that we may learn, though we are the mother-country, and it might be expected otherwise. It is not enough for us that we just look at your institutions, but we feel deeply desirous to promote some uniform and regular plan for the promotion of the grand object of our mutual concerns. Why, sir, when I leave Virginia, or New England, or the far west, do you imagine I shall wish to forget you? I rejoice to meet you. Blessed be God for this hour. I rejoice in view of that truth, when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south; when we shall all unite in that grand concert in the heavens, saying, 'Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'"

Rev. Mr. Holy rose and thanked Dr. Cox for using the pronoun *we*, as expressive of his own thoughts. He said, "If you, brethren, continue an exhibition of that kindness which we have hitherto received, I fear we may return with less *amor patriæ* than when we left our country. Such kindness and affection, such kindred souls and pious men around us, really make it the happiest period of all my life to stand here. My feelings are unutterable! It is a most fortunate that blessedness which will be enjoyed when we shall meet above. Mr. President, America and Britain must be one. We must and we will be one. And we pledge ourselves to it. As God and his adorable Son are one, so let us be one in Him.

DEATH-BED OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

WE have all heard, and what we have heard is true, that the great Valley of the Mississippi is the cradle of Popery in the United States. The "Saints" had already begun to flourish in the luxuriant soil, even while I had the honor of being there among them, (say fourteen years ago.) There were then no fewer than five, who were not yet formally canonized, because they were still living; but the credulity of the Papists had already raised them to that honor by anticipation. I was present at the death of one of them, and saw one of the miracles that were said to be performed. After his death, an account of the miracles was drawn up by the Bishop and sent to Rome, and it was generally believed by his lordship, and by the rest of the clergy, as well as by myself, (for I then was as rigorous and credulous a Papist as grew upon the soil,) that he would certainly be canonized by the Pope, and that an office to his honor would be introduced into the Breviary.—Whether he has been canonized, I have not since heard.

I attended him during his last illness, and saw him, poor man, breathe his last breath. If he was a Christian, and a saint, this was the time at which one would expect to see some manifestation of it. But I do not recollect to have heard a word from his lips, expressive either of his love of God, or of a sweet hope in Christ, the Saviour. I have seen many a Papist die, and have listened to many of their last confessions, but never saw one die in the triumphs of faith, but never saw one die in the triumphs of faith, but never saw one die in the triumphs of faith. Those whom I have seen leaving this world appear to be sinking into despondency, or were in a state of apathy and listlessness, characteristic neither of hope nor fear. Some whom I attended, as they were passing through the gloomy gates of death, notwithstanding the anointing which they had received, and the absolutions which were lavished upon them, and the plenary indulgences by which all their venial

sins were to be cancelled, and the Holy Vintum which was to accompany them into the land of spirits, some, I say, notwithstanding all their powerful auxiliaries, were transported, not with the rapturous anticipations of a glorious immortality, but with horrors that no words can describe. Then some men, with all the ecclesiastical preparations, with all the priestly absolutions, prayers, invocations, holy candles, and holy water, with blessed crucifix, and Agnus Dei, with the Scapular, which always saves from hell,—some ever-to-be-pitied victims of delusion, passed off the stage in the fury of despair: one in particular, of whom the devil seemed to have taken full possession, just before his death, jumped from his bed upon the floor, and from the floor to his bed again, tearing himself, and tearing his clothes, cursing, and foaming his imprecations against the God who made him.

Who would wish to die a Papist? Not I. The death-bed of a Papist ought to be an antidote of Popery.—*Downfall of Babylon*—Rev. S. B. Smith.

DUTY OF GOOD MEN.—Extract from the Biography of Alexander Wilson, Ornithologist, by Rev. Wm. B. O. Penhody.

"There are two classes of men in this country,—those who take too much interest in politics, and those who take too little. The former make themselves entire slaves to party, and their minds are in such a state of fiery excitement, that they have not the least power to judge deliberately of measures or men. They deify their own leaders, and libel and slander all other men; and, while in this partial insanity, they are so little capable of discerning between right and wrong, between slavery and freedom, that they exult when some artful demagogue uses them for his own purposes, even if he holds the rein with a hand so tyrannical that their bits are covered with blood. The other class are those who are not disgusted with the atrocious violence of party, that they retreat from all interest in public men and affairs; and, like the disciples of Rousseau, weary of social evils, give up society itself, as if the way to remedy evils was to let them alone. By taking this unmanly course they leave the field open to the unprincipled and usurping, and the unhappy result sometimes is, that bad men triumph, not by their own exertions, so much as by the unfaithfulness of good men to their duty."

SLANDER.—He who can choke the sweet flowers of social love, and taint them with disease—or, in the paradise of earthly bliss, where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred, and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's fate to dust, and build on its ruins—who can write infamy on the brow of others, to prove his own purity—is neither man nor beast—but a heartless fiend. Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with—who have known what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold, unspitting slander; these, best, can say that he has no heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hopes of murderers, such as these.—*Sir Matthew Hale*.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

The case of Dr. Barnet, brought in at the eleventh hour, is very remarkable. Licensed by the Presbytery of —, North Carolina, in the year '93, he preached a few sermons, then abandoned the ministry and became a Deist. In the year '97, he declared himself an Atheist. From that period, until his locks became hoary with age, he waged open war with the God of the Bible. I had heard much of Dr. B. as a man of influence, and one who had done immense mischief. I confess my curiosity was excited to see the man. At a protracted meeting held at H., Dr. Barnet was present. He was awakened—and brought under deep and pungent conviction. I conversed with him. He was in an awful state of mind; for although evidently under divine influences, he had a great many objections to the Bible—quarrelled with Moses—did not like his account of the creation of the world.

"Dr. B.," said I, at last, "if you will indulge such a disposition to cavil, there is no need to say any thing more to you, sir."

I immediately changed the conversation. The next morning, at prayer meeting, the Dr. requested permission to make a remark. Permission was granted. He rose with much emotion, and said—"My friends, I have been a most flagitious sinner."—He went on in this strain for about ten minutes, and then sat down in great distress of mind. It was a most affecting sight. That night, I think it was, he was brought to the very borders of despair, and remarked, "There is no hope—Saul of Tarsus cannot be compared with me." About 10 o'clock he was conducted into his chamber—I slept in the same room—but there was no sleep for Dr. B. He felt that he was a lost sinner! Tossing himself about in the bed, he sighed and groaned and wept. All was dark and cheerless to his soul until about 1 o'clock, when he spoke aloud, and calling me by name, said, "Sir, are you awake?" "O sir," exclaimed he, "I feel a change! I can accept of the Saviour now! If Jesus Christ does not save me, I am damned forever! I am happy! I am happy! I would not part with my present feelings for ten thousand worlds."

"Well," said I, "Dr. B. I suppose you can say, O to grace how great a debtor." Clapping his hands together, he exclaimed with great emphasis, "The very thing, sir! The very thing!" As he said this, he arose and began to dress himself. No sun had yet lighted up the eastern horizon—but, what was better still, the STAR OF HOPE had risen upon his soul!

"Brightest star that ever rose,
Sweetest star that ever shone!"

The next day, in the presence of the great congregation he presented himself as a miracle of grace, and told what the Lord had done for his soul! I suspect that moment angels in heaven struck a note, loud and long, rich and sweet!—N. Y. Evangelist.

purposes. He knew the greatness of her soul; and her for a distinguished service.

and all to go, I shall regard it as the voice of Providence. I have said that she obeyed. She is now over seven years old, and she has earnestly longed, and prayed. Since her arrival on the heathen she has married a worthy Missionary, who had before. Such a wife is worth a kingdom.

ON TO SOUTH AMERICA.—We are highly gratified by the spirit of Missions kindling and spreading south. This spirit will prove a great blessing to our country. We heartily bid them God speed.

ast Western Methodist acknowledges the receipt of \$24 in aid of the mission to Buenos Ayres, South America.

Next week the second number of our Family Bible will be printed. We shall, as we have intimated, work with new articles more than was at first anticipated; and still we will receive five dollars, if paid in advance, as a full compensation for the whole of six dollars, bound, if taken at the office.—*Boston Post.*

re not told from what source the contents of Mr. Knell's Bible are derived, but we presume of course of oracles, Paine, Voltaire, Diderot, Condorcet, and others. What a precious book it must be!

ould have thought that Mr. Knell's philanthropic benevolence, for which he is so conspicuous, have led him to have published his Bible, a book to do so much good, at a less price than five dollars. The Christian's Bible can be bought for fifty cents.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

HER KINGSBURY.—Although I am not an agent of the Herald, yet as our minister has more work than he can accomplish, I thought I might assist him; and in reply to your letter, I send you three new subscriptions to send more at some future time.

am convinced that a little exertion on the part of the members and lay members of the church, would double the number of your subscribers in this section. I am anxious that religious papers should have a liberal support, as the majority of political papers in this country, are as in their moral tendency. They misrepresent under their opponents, and while they hide the virtues of their own party, they exaggerate the virtues of their own party. Occasionally contain some useful knowledge; but are generally filled with political bickerings and recriminations. These are heavy charges, but they are true. How many political papers in this country advocate the principle, that the acquisition of a fund of useful knowledge, and the establishment of a good moral character, and the surest foundation for domestic happiness, and all property? They seem to forget that virtue and piety are the main support of a free government. These facts in view, you will not wonder, that I am in favor of religious periodicals.

in a few years, the morals and manners of the people of this section of country, have undergone a change for the better. Profane swearing used to be very common among us, but this impious practice is becoming unpopular, and no man is now considered a gentleman who uses profane language.

tionable balls have long been held in high esteem among persons in this place, and were held two or three times a year, and numerous attended. But now it is difficult that one can get up in our most popular ones once a year. Again, a few years ago, our meetings and trainings were disgraced by fighting and drinking, and other shameful practices; but now, as the business of the day is over, our citizens, few exceptions, retire peacefully to their homes. We are in the temperance reformation. Still, much is to be accomplished. Yours, &c. H. P. H.

don, May 4, 1835.

REVIVAL.

the God has been visiting other places with the Holy Spirit, and bringing lost sinners to himself, thus causing a revival, both on earth, and in heaven to rejoice, we have been made glad, that the Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious unto us in this region.

ough the M. E. Church on this side circuit, has had with some peculiar difficulties, and we have many greatly feared for her interest, and trembled for the people, lest they should not know the results of their visitation, or attend to the things that be their peace before they should be hidden from their eyes, yet blessed be the Lord, he hath visited and made his people, and many who were far off, he brought nigh. He hath taken their feet out of the leopards, and made them happy in a Saviour's love. He has given a few moments, in Plainfield and its vicinity, have given good evidence of being converted to the ministers, and members of different churches together in these revivals, and different churches have received additions to their numbers, of such as we only hope will be as distinguished for piety and piety, as were others for their entire disregard of God and religion.

have received twenty on trial within a few months, are yet some who have not united with any church, and who are yet inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" Those who have united with us, afford us cheering prospect of much usefulness, both to the church and the world.

He had been a sober and a happy man. His business prospered, his prospects were flattering, his family as lovely a family as ever existed this side of heaven—all that he could wish. The sun never shone so warm, peace, peace, and happiness then were found around that household.

But in an evil hour, he tasted the poisonous cup, and all was lost. He became a drunkard. O, that last hour—the last hour of the destroyer of himself, the hopes of his friends, and the prospects of his family—of him who had deliberately brought a blighting curse on all that was beautiful around him—it was awful.

As he lay upon his bed, groaning under the burden of a guilty conscience, and his family—they were still lovely, although reduced to beggary by his insatiable appetite for the wine, and every noble feeling, and still not what to do, gathered weeping around his bed, I came into the room. "Doctor," said he, "do you believe there is a hell?" "I believe there is," I replied.

"I know there is," rejoined he, "I know there is, for I feel it here—laying his hand upon his breast—I feel it here; the worm that can never die, the fire that can never be quenched, eternal punishment, endless torments—I feel them, they have begun to be my portion even in this world."

I suggested to him that the mercy of God was infinite, and would be extended even to the vilest sinner, upon repentance.

"Repentance!" said he, catching my words, "Repentance! I cannot repent; the time of repentance is gone forever. I can reflect on my treatment to my wife, on my dreadful abuse of my children, on my loss of respect, honor, and every noble feeling, and still not be moved—not be penitent. The day of repentance is past—there is no hope for me. I am lost—I am lost!"

Horror-struck with his expressions of despair, and with the agony depicted in the countenance of his wife, and the bursts of grief from his children, I knew not what to do. He lay silent for a few moments, and again burst forth into the most blasphemous expressions of horror and despair; and these were followed by a cry, as if coming up from the world of woe, for ruin:

"Give me some rum! give me some rum!"

Fearing that in his paroxysm of rage he might spring from his bed, and do injury to those around, as he had on similar occasions exhibited more than human strength, I ordered it to be given him. His wife brought it to his bedside.

PAPISTS AND THE LAWS.

AN ADDITIONAL FACT.

We perceive the story headed "Papists and the Laws," in the columns of the Herald, of the 23d ult., has caused considerable excitement. Nothing, however, has appeared to contradict our statement. Mr. Pepper has admitted a communication into his paper on the subject, which contains nothing more than a kind of neutral sarcasm. We are prepared to prove the whole affair.

After the ineffectual attempts of the government to examine the deceased, the coroner, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, expressly forbade their burying the woman, until he should give them liberty. The next day, the deceased was carried to Charlestown, followed by about twenty carriages, and buried. We have since seen the coroner, and learned from his own lips, that he never rescinded his command, or gave them any liberty whatever, to bury her! Here, then, the Papists forbade the examination of the body supposed to have been murdered, and afterwards deliberately took from government the means of detecting the crime, and with the parade of people, carriages, and priests, calmly buried the body in the earth!

Christians, philanthropists, and patriots, beware!—wolves are among us.—

POPULAR ERRORS.—*Ben.* This word, by many, is pronounced *ben*. This pronunciation, for which there is no authority, has been getting more common for a number of years past. The true pronunciation is *bin*; though Perry, Jameson, Fulton and Knight pronounce it *bean*.

Heath. The best speakers pronounce this word with the sound of a, which we have in *far*. This pronunciation is sanctioned by Sheridan, Walker, Perry, Jones, Enfield, Jameson, and Fulton and Knight. Elphinstone alone pronounces it *hath*.

Alteration. It is not uncommon to hear the first syllable of this word pronounced rhyming with *fall*. Perry alone, gives it this sound; while Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Enfield, Jameson, and Fulton and Knight give it the same as the first syllable in the word *alphabet*.

Sojourn. When this word is a verb, it is somewhat difficult to tell which the best usage is, with regard to its pronunciation, whether with the accent on the first, or second syllable. Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Fulton and Knight, Jameson and Ash, place the accent on the first syllable, while Kenrick and Enfield place it on the second. Perry gives both. We are inclined to think the best speakers accent the first syllable. It would be better however, if that class of words in the English, which contain more than one syllable, and are used as nouns and verbs, could have, when differently used, a different pronunciation. The noun and its derivatives have the accent on the first.—

INFLUX OF FOREIGNERS.—In speaking of the influx of foreigners, we have on one or two occasions unintentionally omitted to make the distinction between *Papists* and *Protestant* emigrants. But we know not a person in the whole community, who does not cheerfully welcome the latter to our shores. Where can better citizens, or better Christians be found, than the Dutch and their descendants, who settled the State of New York; or the Scotch who settled in Vermont; or the Irish who settled in Londonderry and its vicinity? These are held in high estimation by all Protestants. The Irish Protestants are, almost without exception, enlightened and intelligent; while the Irish Catholics are as generally ignorant, superstitious and bigotted. Nothing can be more dangerous to our free institutions and republican form of government, than the influx of such foreigners.—

THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY: a weekly religious journal, being a republication of the most popular religious works. New York: Thomas George, jr. Boston: E. R. Broadens.

This interesting and valuable periodical has completed nine months of its existence. It is a weekly publication, containing 16 quarto pages, handsomely printed in small type, and makes in one year, two handsome volumes, of 416 pages each, containing, for the small consideration of \$3, an immense amount of highly interesting matter. This periodical recommends itself, however, not by its cheapness only, but more especially by the excellent quality of the matter it contains. Already have 26 valuable works, comprising as many volumes of standard and acknowledged excellence, been published; works that have stood the test of criticism, withstood the assaults of infidelity, and challenged the admiration of the pious and the learned; works that have instructed the wise, counseled the prudent, comforted the afflicted, enlightened the conscience, soothed the mind, and bettered the hearts of thousands. Here the Christian is taught his duty to himself, his fellow creatures, and his God. Here he is furnished with illustrious examples, in the lives of eminent believers, of the value of that religion on which he rests his eternal hopes. Here are pointed out to him, as with the finger of an angel, the shoals and quicksands on which his hopes may be wrecked, and he directed to the rock of salvation on which his heaven may be reared; and here he can find rich intellectual, and moral, and sacred food, "such as angels eat." We cannot hesitate to recommend this valuable publication to all, as worthy of their patronage, and calculated to make them wise for time and for eternity.

A DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

I once saw a drunkard die. It is many years since, but the dreadful night is still as distinctly before me, as though it were but yesterday; and so vivid an impression did it make upon my mind, that it will never be effaced. He had once been a sober and a happy man. His business prospered, his prospects were flattering, his family as lovely a family as ever existed this side of heaven—all that he could wish. The sun never shone so warm, peace, peace, and happiness then were found around that household.

But in an evil hour, he tasted the poisonous cup, and all was lost. He became a drunkard. O, that last hour—the last hour of the destroyer of himself, the hopes of his friends, and the prospects of his family—of him who had deliberately brought a blighting curse on all that was beautiful around him—it was awful.

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"Give me some rum! give me some rum!"

Fearing that in his paroxysm of rage he might spring from his bed, and do injury to those around, as he had on similar occasions exhibited more than human strength, I ordered it to be given him. His wife brought it to his bedside.

beside. Raising himself upon his pillow, and seizing the tumbler with a convulsive grasp in both his hands, he made an ineffectual attempt to carry it to his mouth. Enraged at his repeated failures, occasioned by the high excitement of his nervous system, he uttered a dreadful oath, and called upon his wife for assistance. She turned from soothing the distress of their youngest child, a beautiful little girl of some four or five years old, whose excessive grief had drawn the attention of the mother even from the dying husband—to afford him her aid; but ere she could reach the bed, with a fiendish laugh and a more than hellish spite, he dashed from him the tumbler, and muttering *Damnation! damnation! I'll back and expire!*

We once knew an intelligent, and, save his habits of intemperance, a respectable man, who gave himself up to incessant drinking. He hardly ever became so much intoxicated that he could not walk, though he did occasionally. He lived with his parents, who, together with his family relations, were, in point of respectability, one of the first families in the town of C—, N. H. They strove for years, in various ways, to induce him to abstain, and used their utmost exertions to reclaim him, but all in vain. At length his excessive drinking brought on sickness, but he had no relish, no appetite for any thing but rum. His entreaties for rum were incessant, and distressing to witness. He failed fast, for although he was indulged to some degree, yet rum could not save him. This was all he wanted, and if he could have had as much as he wanted, he would have kept himself perfectly drunk till he died. And what do you suppose his dying words were? "Give me some rum!" "O give me some rum!"—

FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF N. Y. CITY.—This Society, we learn by the Advocate and Journal, held its anniversary, May 7th, at the Forsyth street Church. This old and valuable auxiliary has paid into the treasury of the Parent Society during the last year, \$470. The meeting was eloquently addressed by Rev. O. Ammerman, of the N. Y. Conference. Rev. John Seys, recently from the Liberia Mission, and by a native African of the Krooman country, who accompanies Mr. Seys. The collection and subscriptions amounted to between two and three hundred dollars.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF N. Y. CITY.—The anniversary meeting of this Society, says the Advocate and Journal, was celebrated in the Wesleyan Chapel in Mulberry street, on Friday evening, May 8th. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Edmund S. Jones, agent of Dickinson College, and Rev. R. R. Gurley, of Washington, D. C. The whole amount received in subscriptions and donations fell little short of five hundred dollars.

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD of Newburyport, is a writer of original, chaste, and beautiful poetry. The following affecting ballad will forcibly remind the reader of Wordsworth's "We are Seven."

Many a poor widow in this city, contrives to get a little money, especially in the winter, by making and selling matches. This is done by the children, while the mother is engaged in the concerns of the family. This slow, but honest way of earning a little, never fails to impress a considerate man of the integrity of the vender. The vicious poor have a shorter way.

"For I took all the matches she brought." We have frequently done this, after having, by inquiry, learned the affecting history and situation of the widowed mother, and the orphan children. There is a moral dignity in the honesty of the suffering poor, which commands itself to the heart-felt approbation of all.—

MARY DOW.

"Come in little stranger," I said, As she tapped at the half-opened door, While the blanket pinned over her head, Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell From her modest and pretty blue eye, As she said, "I have matches to sell, And hope you are ready to buy."

"A penny a bunch is the price; I think you'll not find it too much; They're tied up so even and nice, And ready to light with a touch."

I asked, "What's your name, little girl?" "The Mary," she said, "Mary Dow;" And carelessly tossed off a curl, That played o'er her delicate brow.

"My father was lost in the deep, The ship never got to the shore; And mother is dead, and will weep, When she hears the wind blow and sea roar."

"She sits there at home without food, Beside our poor sick William's bed; She paid all her money for wood, And so I sell matches for bread."

"For every time that she tries, Some things she'd be paid for, to make, As she lays down the baby, it cries, And that makes my sick brother woe."

"I'd go to the yard and get chips, But then it would make me so sad, To see the men building the ships, And think they had made one so bad."

"I've one other gown, and with care, We think it may decently pass, With my bonnet that's put by, to wear To meeting and Sunday-School class."

"I love to go where I am taught Of One, who's so wise and so good; He knows every action and thought, And gives e'en the raven his food."

"For He, I am sure, who can take Such fatherly care of a bird, Will never forget or forsake The children who trust to his word."

"And now, if I only can sell The matches I brought out to-day, I think I shall do very well, And mother'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought, "Fly home full of joy to your nest!" For I took all the matches she brought, And Mary may tell you the rest.

THE SABBATH.—The brother who writes on this subject, on our first page, is rather severe; but is he combating imaginary evils? We think not. From constant observation, we firmly believe the Sabbath is profaned in the various ways he mentions, by professors of religion. Would it not be well, for the preachers to give their people a discourse on this subject occasionally?—

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The remarks of our friend L. are characterized by good sense; but the belligerents have of late assumed a more pacific tone, which we are happy to see, and which seems to preclude the necessity of the friendly caution of a "shipmate."

We believe the correspondent who signs himself "A Brother," to be sincere in his fears, but we believe those fears to be groundless. Can a great reformation be brought about with regard to any thing wrong, without thinking, praying, reading, conversing and writing much about it? The evil then is not in the thing itself, but in any where, in the manner of doing it.

Does our correspondent S. W. C. know any members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who read novels? Has he admonished them privately, and do they still continue? Would it not be well to inquire if they have a book called the Bible?

We commend the ardent missionary feeling which "A Friend" in Centreville, R. I., manifests. We cheerfully "pardon his mistakes," but he will excuse us, if we do not print them.

We know, and we love and esteem the writer of the

article signed "The Granite State." We likewise consider the sentiments which he advances, as just and conclusive. But we must decline the publication of the article, for reasons, which, perhaps, are obvious to himself.

"An American."—The queries submitted by this writer would lead to a discussion, better suited to a political paper. They are important questions.

We must decline the publication of L. J.'s communication. Should it not have been sent to the paper which contains the article to which he replies?

H. V.'s communication will appear in our next. The remarks of our friend J. C. on the subject of Temperance, are good, very good, but hardly suited to our columns. We should prefer some affecting, startling narrative, with which every town and village in New England abounds, and which makes an indelible impression upon the mind.

FRANKLIN SEMINARY: AT NEWMARKET, N. H.—The Summer term of this Seminary will commence June first. Rev. A. Buck, A. M. Principal. This Seminary is said to be in a flourishing condition.

Chapter of News.

On Wednesday last, a fire broke out in the large brick distillery in Dix-House Square, owned by Mr. Jacob Tidd, and occupied by Mr. A. H. Bowman. The building was destroyed, with its contents. The fire was caused by the hot liquor overrunning the rectifying still, taking fire and communicating to the rum in the still. The distillery of Mr. French was damaged considerably in the rear.—Eight individuals were engaged on the opposite side of the street, in the distillery of Barnard & Trull, in digging a well. Four of them became so much frightened that they seized the well-rope with their hands, calling upon those above to draw them up. This was immediately done, but before they reached the top, their strength failed them, and letting go their hold, they were precipitated upon the stones below, 50 or 60 feet. One named Byrne, an Irishman, was killed on the spot, and two others seriously injured.

We learn, says the Evening Gazette, that Mr. Louis Lauriat, of this city, intends to make an ascension on the 1st of June, accompanied by his daughter. After having demonstrated that there is no danger in his machine, he intends to keep it permanently inflated under a building, and to send up those who wish to see the world and the wonders thereof, on calm days, two thousand feet or more, the balloon being always secured by a strong cord. The aeronauts will be wound down again by a windlass.

The house of Mr. J. W. Trull, 29 Beacon street, was entered on Monday night, last week, and robbed of clothing and silver plate to a large amount. The house of Mr. Lewis, No. 1 Hancock Avenue, was also entered, and silver to the amount of fifty or sixty dollars taken.

In consequence of the amount of building in this city, mechanics are in demand, at good wages. Masons who work from sunrise to sunset, receive from \$2 to \$2.50 per day.

A lady in New York city, a few weeks since, sent for a bottle of "Godfrey's Cordial" to a druggist's in the neighborhood, instead of which, by mistake, a bottle of laudanum was put up, some of which she gave her child, which occasioned its death in a few hours.

A journeyman printer, who is supposed to be partially deranged, has confessed that he is the individual who set fire to the Charleston Mercury and Courier offices, last October. His last offense was throwing a page of the Courier out of the window upon the pavement, instead of putting it on the press.

A wretch named Kelley, a resident of Louisville, Ky., lately administered poison to a whole family of free negroes, in order to possess himself of their money. He has since been tried and convicted.

Nine bars were blown down in Unity, N. H., during the late severe gale.

Mr. Clayton, the Cincinnati aeronaut, is about to make a balloon excursion from that city to the Atlantic Ocean, if he can.

Three young men attempted to cross Connecticut river opposite Souleford, on Wednesday, in a small boat, which was upset, and two of them, named Allen and Briggs, were drowned.

The French brig Amiable Josephine, of 220 tons, commanded by M. Bureau, was taken, in July, by the natives of the Feegee Islands, and all hands massacred.

A large fire occurred at Wilmington, N. C., 2d inst.; lumber yard of J. Lazarus were consumed—also Beatty's rice mill and a large quantity of rice, besides about 150 barrels of naval stores.

An Austrian frigate, with Polish refugees on board, arrived at New York last week.

The dwelling house of Mr. David Williams, of Mansfield, was blown up, and nearly destroyed on Monday last, by a keg of powder which had accidentally been left in the house. Mr. Williams and his wife were absent at the time, and a young child which was left at home, perceiving some grains of powder on the top of the keg, innocently applied a coal of fire thereto, which produced the unfortunate catastrophe. The child was not killed, though severely injured.

Mr. John Egan, of Washington, was killed last week by the discharge of a pistol, from which he was drawing a charge. He held the end of the rod in his mouth, when the pistol went off, mutilating his face and head most shockingly.

The Boston and Lowell Rail Road is nearly completed, and will be opened early in June.

A letter has been received from William G. Merrill, Esq., U. S. Consul at the Cape de Verd Islands, furnishing information of the savage conduct of 225 Portuguese soldiers, who were landed there on the 28th of Feb., to be distributed through the islands. They seized and confined their commissioned officers, as well as those of the place, and commenced sacking the town. Within two days they imprisoned the families of the officers, at night bound the officers together, and drove them to the cemetery, as cattle to be slaughtered, where they inhumanly shot all but two, who were pardoned on condition that they would join them. Those who were not killed outright, were beaten with their muskets, until they were broken. Life not being extinguished, they finished them with large stones—except one, who miraculously escaped with but one wound, to tell the doleful tale.—After completing their work of destruction, many of the soldiers embarked for another island, and it is said, will probably visit the United States to dispose of their money, plate, jewelry, and other valuable booty. The amount taken and property destroyed in five days is estimated at more than \$100,000.

A tavern and boarding house in Front street, New York, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning of last week. Five dead bodies have been found among the ruins.

By advices from Warsaw, we learn that a frightful crime has lately been committed there. The advocate Malowski entered the cabinet of the President of the Tribunal, when this functionary was occupied, in the presence of two of his assistants, in signing the official papers, and threw himself upon him, and with one blow of a knife severed the head of the President from his body. The assassin, on being arrested, declared that vengeance only was the cause of the act.

The Editor of the Paris Quotidienne has been tried at Paris, for a libel on the King—the imputation of having jobbed in the American claims under the Treaty, and being a large holder. He was found guilty, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs.

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CAMP-MEETING RECALLED.

Since the appointment of the Camp-Meeting at Rye, N. H., for Newington Circuit, to be held on the 8th of June next, some circumstances have transpired which render the holding of the meeting impracticable. After mutual consultation among the number of the preachers, it is thought best to have the appointment recalled.

C. L. McCURDY, J. M. YOUNG, Newington, N. H., May 13, 1835.

N. B. The preachers in the vicinity are requested to give notice of the above to their congregations.

NOTICE.

The candidates for admission to full connection in the New England Conference, are requested to meet in the vestry of the Church at Hyatt Common on Tuesday morning, June 2, at 8 o'clock.

W. FISK, A. KENT, J. HORTON, } Committee.

PAYMENTS FOR THE HERALD.

Received from the 11th to the 18th inst.

B. King, S. Collins, Jr., D. Tilton, R. W. Pratt, E. A. Dyer, L. Pratt, H. Mott, J. Ingalls, G. Reynolds, E. Goodrich, S. Lufkin, B. Richardson, S. T. Jewell, A. Hall, C. G. Willson, D. Bowker, C. B. Mason, E. Pratt, S. Morgan, W. Lillup, S. Stone, A. Buck, H. Fletcher, A. Davis, H. Welton, W. Cleaves, Z. Gray and S. Nichols, \$2 each.

B. C. Newhall, \$6—W. Brown, E. Chandler and S. Alley, \$5 each—J. L. Alley, \$4.50—A. Johnson, J. Albright, J. Pool, Jr., \$4 each—W. Wait, \$3.25—J. Falls, T. Staples, B. Cook, A. Barr, S. Cox and W. Simmonds, \$3 each—S. Porter, B. Smith, H. Rundlett, J. Hopkins and F. Dillingham, \$2.50 each—T. Lewis, \$1.75—M. Turner, \$1.35—J. Hall and J. E. Pond, \$1.25—N. Richardson and O. Cousens, \$1.50 each—W. M. Tarbox, \$1.25—B. Morse, B. Agard, S. Stearns, H. Evans and P. Stearns, \$1 each—C. Aldrich, 67 cts.

COMMUNICATIONS.

N. Paine—O. Scott—J. Porter—B. Agard—E. Leonard E. Dixon—J. Templeton (we have discontinued P. L.'s paper. He owes \$1.50)—P. Draper—M. Palmer—H. Simmons—A. Greenleaf—F. Dane (the money was received. It is acknowledged in this paper)—H. P. Hoyt (please accept our thanks for your interest for the prosperity of the Herald)—R. Bowen—R. Ransom—T. Eaton—D. Bailey—E. B. Draper—C. L. McCurdy & J. M. Young—W. Brown (the money was received. The papers will go regularly in future)—E. Benton—B. W. Walker—D. A. Daniels—D. Cutter—D. Kilburn—H. Cummings—W. Booth, 2—J. B. Dean (your paper is paid for to Nov. 12, 1835; shall we send it till then?)

Married.

In this city, Mr. Nathaniel C. Peabody, of Salem, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Benj. Hibbard, Esq. Capt. John Paul to Miss Sarah S., daughter of Mr. K. Cushman, of Wiscasset.—Mr. Hugh Hanson, of Easton, to Miss Margaret Kelley.

In Roxbury, Mr. Christopher P. Shattuck to Miss Mary White.

In Cambridge, Mr. Henry F. McGee to Miss Martha W. Robbins.

In Haverhill, Mr. Thomas Hammond, jr. of Boston, to Miss Harriet W. Trow, of H.

In Eggleston, Mr. Ephraim Ripley, jr. to Miss Maria Huxford.

In Hanson, by Rev. E. C. Scott, Mr. Isaiah Stetson to Miss Tilly S. Cook; Mr. Harvey Harden to Miss Louisa Davy, all of Hanson.

Ship News.

PORT OF BOSTON.

MONDAY, MAY 11.

Arrived, new ship Harbinger, Portsmouth.—Brigs Tuskar, Palermo March 15; Otomano, Buenos Ayres March 17; Matilda, Newport, Waco March 28; T. Flash, Hartford; 4th ult.; Curlew, do.—Scho. Echo, Hartford; Tremont, Bangor; Crown, and La Grange, Providence; Boundary, Eastport; Exeter, Portland; Flash, Dover; Evelina, Portsmouth; Globe, Barnstable; Francis, New Bedford.—Sloop Atalanta, Plymouth.

Cleared, ship Esquimaux, Havana; Macedonian, Turks Island.—Brigs Reform, (Br.) Brier Island, N.S.; Edward, Portland.—Scho. Oregon, Bangor; Annawan, Provincetown.

TUESDAY, MAY 12.

Arrived, ship Jessore, Calcutta Jan. 21.—Barks Highlander, Matanzas 30th ult.; Gen. Stark, do. 1st inst.—Brigs Leader, Mayaguez 25th ult.; Juan, Trinidad 23d ult.—Scho. Wm. Wirt, St. Croix 24th ult.; Rupert, Matanzas—sailed again, supposed for Bangor; Eliza & Betty, and Frank, New Haven, from Norwich; Flash, Dover; Isabella, Saco; Olynus, Nantucket; Lion, Warrham; Minerva, Newburyport—Sloops Jackson, Salem; Glile, New London.

Cleared, ship Fortitude, Madras and Calcutta—Brigs Eliza Ann, Cape Haytien; Emigrant, Matanzas; Jacob, Trinidad de Cuba; Pactulus, and Sun, Portland—Scho. Harriet, Cape Verde, &c.; Caroline, Cienfuegos, Cuba; Despatch, Providence; Mary, New Bedford; Lafayette, Dover; Herald, Hallowell; Dart, Boothbay; Mary Ann, Addison.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

Arrived, brig Emma, St. Domingo city 23d ult.; Kentucky, St. Marc, do. 30; Baltimore, Matanzas 1st inst.; mail packet brig Velocity, Hallowell 7th inst., with the April mail from Falmouth, E. Scho. Cornelia, Port au Prince 26th ult.; Sally Hope, Providence; Madawaska, Bangor; Albert, Lubec; Hyias, Portsmouth; Wm. Tell, Dover; Baltic, Barnstable.

Cleared, ship Shepherdess, East Indies—Bark Ceylon, Portland—Brigs Tim, Cape Town and a market; Holland, Rotterdam; Garnet, Mananilla; Cadet, Surinam—Scho. Charleston, Para and Maranhau; Transport, New London; Pomfret, Calais; Boston, Bath; Senator, Bangor; Merchant, Portland; Planter, Portsmouth; Flash, Dover; Sloop Pomona, New Bedford; Nantucket, for Nantucket; Atalanta, Plymouth.

TH

Poetry.

[From the Western Luminary.]
 "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.—Job.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

We mourn for those who toil,—
 The wretch who ploughs the main,
 The slave who helpless tills the soil,—
 Beneath the stripe and chain:—
 For those who in the world's hard race,
 O'erwearied and unblest,
 A host of gliding phantoms chase,—
 Why mourn for those who rest?

We mourn for those who sin,—
 Bound in the tempter's snare,—
 Whom syren Pleasure beckons in
 To prisons of despair,—
 Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
 Are wrecked on Folly's shore,
 But why in anguish should we mourn
 For those who sin no more?

We mourn for those who weep,—
 Whom stern afflictions bend,
 Despairing o'er the lowly sleep
 Of lover, or of friend,—
 But they who Jordan's swelling tide
 No more are called to stem,—
 Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,—
 Why should we mourn for them?
 Hartford, Conn., April, 1835.

[From the Religious Offering.]
 THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The shepherd loves his flock; with care he guides
 Them to the pleasant pasture grounds and brooks,
 That murmur music soft, and kiss the roots
 Of elm and scented birch. And ever and
 anon with pastoral pipe he breathes a strain,
 That flocks and streams and woods delight to hear.
 Oh, Christ! thou art our Shepherd, and we hear
 Entranced with deepest ravishment, thy voice,
 Sweeter than sound of earthly shepherd's lute,
 For thy own lips have said, "I know my sheep."
 Yes, thou dost know them; not a lamb shall stray
 Entangled in the depths of woods remote,
 But thou wilt mark its wanderings, and restore
 It safe to thy own chosen, cherished fold.

Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SARAH ANNE GILSON.

Died in this village, on the 23d of April, Sarah Anne, wife of Benj. Gilson, aged 27 years.
 Sister Gilson experienced religion in 1826, and united with the M. E. Church. Her uniform piety, and holy example, have fully demonstrated the excellence of religion, and the genuineness of her conversion. Not long after she experienced the pardon of her sins, and before she was clearly convinced that she must be entirely renewed after the image of Him who had created her, she earnestly sought for the pearl of great price, and through the mercy of God, obtained an entire victory over sin, and a clear evidence that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness." For a time she rejoiced in this great salvation. She did not, however, always retain so clear an evidence that Christ was all in all to her, yet she constantly kept this blessing in view. During her last sickness, she besought the Lord "to sanctify her wholly," and to make her "meet for an inheritance among the saints in light;" and God, who is faithful to his promise, heard and answered prayer. Her soul was made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable."

The day but one before her death, she, with a few of her Christian friends, commemorated for the last time on earth, the death and sufferings of her dying Lord; at which time, she and her companion dedicated their only child to the Lord, in the holy ordinance of baptism. It was an interesting season. The grace of God to her was abundant. The power of our holy religion to save, was clearly exhibited; and its divine efficacy fully tested during her last hours. Her soul was triumphant. Patience had its perfect work. She was submissive and resigned to the will of God.

She was warmly attached to the institutions of the Church. For the encouragement of the Female Missionary Society in this place, of which she was a member, she requested that a yearly donation might be made to send light and life to thousands who are perishing for lack of vision. She being dead, yet speaketh.

She quietly fell asleep in Jesus, in the hope of eternal life. Her remains were carried a few rods to the Methodist Chapel, where a discourse was delivered to a large and deeply attentive congregation, from Psalm cxli. 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

In the death of sister Gilson, the church has lost one of its brightest ornaments, a husband bereft of a kind companion, a child of an affectionate mother, and the poor sinner an invaluable friend.

JOHN CURRIER.

Danville, Vt. May 4, 1835.

Miscellaneous.

CONTRIVANCE AND DESIGN.—Dr. J. M. Good, in his Book of Nature, observes, that to discover the will of an intelligent agent, nothing more is necessary than to examine the general drift or tendency of his contrivance, so far as we are able to make it out. Taking it, then, for granted, that the world is the work of an intelligent agent, does it exhibit proof of having been devised for the general accommodation and happiness of man?—for his general misery,—or for neither? It cannot have been devised for neither, because that would be to relinquish the very foundation of our present position, and to deny that the world exhibits contrivance, or has been formed by an intelligent agent? Is, then, the world, with its general furniture, is the frame of man itself calculated to promote man's happiness or his misery?

He then introduces the following striking illustrations from Archdeacon Paley.—

"Contrivance proves design, and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances with which we are acquainted are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil, no doubt, exists; but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache: their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it; or even, if you will, let it be called a defect in the contrivance; but it is not the object of it. This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle that it is made to cut the reaper's

fingers, though, from the construction of the instrument, and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture or execution, this engine, you would say, is to extend the sinews; this to dislocate the joints; this to break the bones; this to scorch the soles of the feet. Here pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now, nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain and disease; or, in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, This is to irritate; this to inflame; this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys; this gland to secrete the humor which forms the gout. If, by chance, he come at a part of which he knows not the use, the most he can say is that it is useless. No one ever suspects that it is put there to incommode, to annoy, or to torment. Since, then, God has called forth his consummate wisdom to contrive and provide for our happiness, and the world appears to have been constituted with this design at first, so long as this constitution is upheld by him, we must, in reason, suppose the same design to continue."

ERONEOUS JUDGING.—We judge amiss of the religious characters of those around us in many instances. The best and wisest of men may do so. Abraham twice misjudged most remarkably. In Sodom, he thought there were surely as many as "ten righteous;" but he was in error. Gen. xviii. 32. In Gerar, he thought "surely the fear of God is not in this place," but he was in error. Gen. xx. 11. Elijah thought he alone was left to serve God in Israel; yet there were seven thousand. From this we may learn to be cautious in our judgments respecting the religious state of particular places. The way of wisdom is to do the plain duty of the hour, without undertaking to judge of the condition of those around us.

BIBLES.—Sufficient Bibles may be seen at the London Depository, that if placed one against another, as bricklayers construct a wall, they would reach a distance of 1200 miles; and two of the largest ships in the British Navy would not be sufficient to bear up the weight of Bibles now ready for distribution; 59 tons had been shipped to Antigua and Jamaica, and that every negro should possess a copy, it was requisite to ship 100 tons more! Van Dieman's Land has contributed £3000 to the funds of the Bible Society! This contrasts finely with the period of the reign of Edward the Sixth, when the bible was so scarce that a countryman gave a load of hay for one leaf of the Epistle of St. James.

I SHALL PRAY FOR YOU.—Mr. Grimshaw was once in company with a nobleman, who, unhappily, employed his talents in the service of infidelity. He had, some time before, been engaged in a long dispute with two eminent divines, in which, as is usual in such cases, the victory was claimed by both sides. Meeting afterwards with Mr. G., he wished to draw him likewise into a dispute, but he declined it, nearly in these words:—"My lord, if you need information I would gladly do my utmost to assist you; but the fault is not in your head, but in your heart, which can only be reached by a divine power. I shall pray for you, but I cannot dispute with you."

His lordship, far from being offended, treated him with particular respect, and declared, afterwards, that he was more pleased and more struck by the freedom, firmness, and simplicity of his answer, than by any thing he heard on the side of his opponents.

SPECIMENS OF POPERY.

Papists have not shown their usual tact in their efforts to establish the spiritual authority of the Pope in the United States. Their marshalling troops on the Sabbath, and "knocking off hats" before the host, may do in Europe, but here it will excite universal contempt and indignation.

The reading public can hardly fail to have seen the Letters from Europe, by N. H. Carter, Esq., formerly editor of the New York Statesman. He was a thorough scholar, and an accomplished gentleman. His letters were written without the least reference to the Catholic controversy. They have been reviewed in the literary journals, with great approbation.

If any editor in the United States can read the following extracts, and defend the introduction of similar pageantry into the United States, he ought to be a papist. A little more influence would lend such a man, right reverently, "to kiss the toe of the Pope."—Cincinnati Journal.

ROME, in 1826.—The pontificate of Leo XII. is characterized by all the bigotry and gross superstition of the dark ages. Rome is filled with pilgrims and beggars, invited hither by the encouragement of the Pope; monastic institutions are restored to their pristine vigor; new saints are canonized and added to the calendar; miracles have again become frequent; the jubilee returns at short intervals; and religious parades are the business of life. The ex-queen of Sardinia knelt to kiss the Pope's slipper, who raised each foot to meet her lips! What must be the character of an age, when a Bourbon descends from the throne of France to go bareheaded in a procession of monks, chanting hymns to the Virgin!—Vol. ii., pp. 326, 327.

ASCENSION DAY.—The Pope appeared in pontifical robes, wearing an image of the sun upon his breast, and the glittering tiara on his brow. He was borne along the aisles on the shoulders of men, and seated in the tribune behind the high altar. After high mass, the Pope was carried to the balcony in front of the cathedral, to pronounce his benediction upon the assembled multitude. Above his head rose a splendid canopy of crimson velvet, and an orb of plumes resembling a peacock's tail was displayed on his right. The moment he made his appearance, all dropped upon their knees, while he spread forth his hands, and uttered a brief blessing. As soon as the ceremony was over, a salute of twenty guns was fired from the castle of Angelo, and the Austrian band struck up some martial airs. In the midst of the uproar, the Pope threw from the balcony printed papers, which set the crowd in a great scramble. Hucksters were all the while crying "punch, cakes, and fruit." It was a very odd scene, more resembling a military muster, a theatrical exhibition, or any other show, than "a sacred festival."—Vol. ii., pp. 328, 329.

CELEBRATION OF PETER'S BIRTHDAY AT ROME.—A sufficient sun is wasted in oil and gunpowder on Peter's birthday, to endow a college, or build a hospital. We went to hear mass, and to witness the ceremonies. An immense multitude assembled. One would have thought that Peter was a centurion instead of a saint. His bronze statue was fantastically dressed with the most gorgeous and tawdry orna-

ments. He was clad in an undergown of dove-colored Canton crape, over which hung a pontifical scarlet robe, embossed with gold. The triple crown studded with gems glittered on his sable brow. His fingers blazed with diamond rings; and on his breast he wore a golden sun, an eagle, and the papal arms. The toe of the idol was left bare, and so great was the press of both sexes to rub their foreheads against it, and to give it a kiss, that a file of soldiers formed a circle round the pedestal, and kept back the crowd at the point of the bayonet!

The bugle sounded and the pontiff approached, vying with Peter in the splendor of his costume, borne along the aisles in his gorgeous palanquin, under a crimson canopy, and fanned with the tails of peacocks. Mass was celebrated, the bugle rung, and the host was elevated. Clouds of incense choked the air. Choirs warbled *peems in honor of Peter*, instead of anthems of praise to the Most High.—Vol. ii., pp. 353, 354.

MIRACLE AT MILAN.—In one of the aisles of the cathedral, a curious article, somewhat resembling a balloon or a theatrical cloud, attracted our attention. Ambrose, in traversing the streets of Rome, saw a carpenter using a nail, which was instantly recognized to be one of the several hundred from the cross! It was bought for a trifle, as the workman was unconscious of its peculiar value. No sooner had Ambrose set out to cross the Campagna, than all the bells in the city began to ring! The Pope and his Cardinals met in conclave; the people were in an uproar; and an army of ecclesiastics pursued the nail to Milan, for the purpose of recovering the relic. There it was agreed that Ambrose should throw up the nail, and it stuck to the roof, it was to be deposited in that temple, but if it fell to the pavement, it was to be returned to Rome. Gravitation was sadly against the chance of Ambrose, but what his philosophy to do with Popish miracles? The nail was attracted upward like Mohammed's coffin, and stuck to the ceiling. An ecclesiastical cloud was fashioned, in which the dignitaries of the church ascended to bring down the nail, which is now deposited in the centre of a golden sun, illuminating the high altar. In commemoration of that miraculous event, the priests go up once yearly to the Gothic roof, in the marvellous machine.—Vol. ii., p. 444.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

DIRECTIONS.

To prevent the gray hairs of Parents from coming down with sorrow to the grave, through the misconduct of children.

1. Secure the affections of your children for yourself, for each other, and for home. Do this by a pleasant countenance, pleasant tones, kind offices, orderly arrangements; good books, adapted to the age, capacity and taste; and cheerful, enlightened, profitable conversation. Many children run from home to get rid of scolding, disorder, sour looks, or its dull uninteresting monotony. They find little instructive, or pleasing, in the conversation. They have no interesting books, or periodicals; and hence learn to murder time with cards, chess, billiards, vain stories, obscene songs, &c. &c., until, led from one haunt of vice to another, they become inebriated, idlers, and profligates, and end their days in sorrow or ignominy.

2. Maintain an authority over them. For this purpose abide by your own decisions. Never allow teasing. Perform what you threaten, else they will learn lying from your own lips. Give reasons for what you do. Make them feel that correction is as painful to you as to them—(cruel parents will have bad children.) Look them full in the face when you speak to them, and teach them to look at you. Never allow yourself to repeat a direction several times; and always enforce your precepts, counsels, and demands from the Bible.

3. Make it your constant care to inculcate piety.—Let them see that this is the great desire of your soul concerning them; that you never lose sight of this object. Pray for it in the family; impress it upon them before special means of grace; cultivate in them a taste for Christian biography. To this end select the most interesting and affecting biographies, and water your labors with many closet prayers.

"He that winneth souls is wise." And "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

PHILO.

SLAVERY IN TENNESSEE: SEPARATION OF FAMILIES: SUSPENSION FROM THE CHURCH.

The following is an extract of a letter from the editor of the Millennial Trumpet, Rev. Dr. Hoyt, while on a tour, to the publisher of that paper.

A widow lady, having a female slave with two children, was about removing from this county to Alabama. The husband of the colored woman, himself a slave, likewise lived in this county. Both master and mistress, and their two slaves, were professors of religion, members of the same identical church, and that a Presbyterian church. The widow applied to her church session, for a certificate of her good standing. The session felt it would be wrong to grant her request, unless she would make such arrangements as not to separate husband and wife, parents and children. The pastor of the church, and others, interested themselves in the case; and the owner of the black man offered to give what was thought a reasonable price for his wife and two children. The widow lady, on being applied to, to accede to this proposition, refused; and when her Christian sympathies were appealed to, she replied, that her friends need not trouble themselves about her concerns,—she could attend to her own business while she had her senses, &c. Shortly after she sold her black woman to a most wicked man, the keeper of a grog-shop, and with the children (the youngest of whom was but eleven months old, torn from the breast), moved out of the county; leaving husband and wife together, but separating parents and children. She was, of course, suspended from the church. It was said, that the purchaser of the woman agreed, when he bought her, not to sell her again without her consent.—However this may be, an opportunity offered, a few weeks after, and he sold her, to be carried to a far country.—Her husband, overwhelmed with grief, followed her the first evening after her departure, and asked leave to spend the night with her. Even that favor, her inhuman master utterly refused. And as the disconsolate husband stood without, his ears were saluted with the infernal voice of the tyrant, *Chain her down! chain her down!* The poor slave now lives in this town. His narration of the bitterness of his grief is enough to melt a heart of stone. Previous to his separation from his two children, he had lost a child by death. His affliction, he says, was nothing when compared

with that of having his two children torn from him for life. This last, he thought, as much as he could bear. But ten-fold greater was the agony of grief, when the conjugal ties were broken forever, and he was awakened to the painful consciousness of the fact, that his beloved wife was torn from his embraces, and carried where he should never see her more! Bereft thus of his wife and children, his only consolation is in the gospel. For he is one of Christ's little ones. Well may the perpetrators of this foul crime (for what else can we call it?) tremble in apprehension of the merited judgments of him who hath said, "whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." My sheet is full. I have not room for further remarks, nor indeed are they necessary. May God open the eyes of our churches to see the enormities of slavery as it exists among us, and to rid themselves of a participation in its guilt.

NOBLE SENTIMENT.

In looking over the letters and correspondence of General Washington, we experienced renewed pleasure in the perusal of the following noble and highly characteristic reply of the illustrious American, to General Gates, who, upon the representation made to him by Washington, relative to the treatment of the American prisoners at Boston (then occupied by the British), where no regard was shown either to rank or state of the prisoners, said in answer to Washington, "that they (the prisoners) had been treated with indiscriminate kindness, as he knew of no rank that was not derived from the king."

"You affect to despise, sir," said Washington, in reply, "all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable, than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of power. May that God, to whom you appeal, judge between America and you. Under his providence, those who influence the councils of America, are determined, at the hazard of their lives, to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges, which they received from their ancestors."

Sentiments like these are surely worthy of all emulation; and cannot sink too deeply into the minds of the freemen of this country. If in the annals of greatness, there be one character more luminous than another, lending its mingled light of genius, valor, and a lofty patriotism to our national history; and throwing into the shade, from its "excessive bright," the lesser luminaries, who, from time to time, have set their watch in the political firmament of our country—it is the character of Washington! But what pen can hope to do justice to that character? View it under what aspect we may, its surpassing moral grandeur overpowers the mind! Envy grows pale as it contemplates the character of Washington; and virtue feels that it were superfluous to offer the incense of its praise:

"A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
 The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

—Charlotte Courier.

MATRIMONIAL FORBEARANCES.—Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word: for infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness.—Jeremy Taylor.

[From the Religious Magazine.]

HOW SHALL A PARENT GOVERN HIS CHILD?

This question is often in my mind, because I am a parent. Before I became a parent, I thought my system of family government perfect. I used sometimes to indulge in long discussions with those who were parents, to convince them of the value of my theory, and to show them how well I understood the subject. But since I have become a parent myself, I see how much more parents govern from mere impulses of feeling and passion, than from real principle. I learn this from both experience and observation. It is government administered according to the dictates of feeling and passion, that gives such a want of uniformity to the influence of a parent. And influence that is not uniform, cannot be powerful or salutary.

The government is often the exercise of mere arbitrary physical force, rather than kind, persuasive, resistless moral influence. To make myself understood, I will relate two anecdotes, which are facts that occurred within my own personal knowledge.

It was on a wintry day, late in the autumn, that I was riding on a missionary tour through a district in the great West. A few rods before me a little boy was standing in the cold, pinched up and shivering, by the road side. Near him stood a tall, hard faced, weather-beaten looking man. A yoke of oxen were near him, and he had in his hand that formidable weapon of cruelty, a western wagon whip. The little boy was barefooted, and seemed to have no covering but a coarse linsey-woolsey frock over his under garments. He appeared to be about four years old. The father seemed to have been irritated with his oxen. As I came nearer, I heard the boy whimpering in a low, subdued, under tone, apparently, on account of suffering with the cold. The father slowly raised his wagon whip over the child's head—"A'nt you going to hush, you little rascal?" said the father. The child now looked up in his angry father's face, and at the awful wagon whip, and began to cry aloud from real terror. "A'nt you going to hush I say!" He lowered his whip as I rode past him, but raised his voice louder; and looking back over my shoulder, I saw again the uplifted scourge. "Hush, I say, or I will cut you to two." The child cried as one frightened out of his senses. "Hush, I say, Hush, won't you?" and I heard a hush. I turned my horse around, and stood still. The blows fell

heavier and heavier amid loud cries of "hush," and the loud screams and shrieks of the boy, till they seemed to be laid on with all the strength which the arm which held the whip could exert. I rode toward the father to expostulate with him, after seeing about twenty blows laid on. On seeing me approaching, the father retreated to the house, and the child followed, shaking his fist behind his back. I saw this, and at the same time I saw the garment of the child cut, and the blood running down his legs. Had that father any government over the child? None at all.

Take another example. The father occupied a public station, but he was a man somewhat remarkable for the uniformity of his character. He had appointed a certain amount of labor to his little son, eight years old. It was what would occupy only a few minutes, but the little boy was fond of play, and neglected the duty appointed him. Sometime after, the father was passing, and saw that the work which he had set his son to do, was not performed. He felt grieved that he had not been obeyed. On going into the house, he met his son in the hall—"Has that work been done?" "No sir." The father looked at the little boy. The child saw the grief of his father in his countenance, and burst into tears, and the parent and child wept together.—The same evening the father and son were sitting in the church together. In the place it was a season of great religious interest. The services of the sanctuary had not yet commenced. The congregation were pouring in. The child drew near to his father, and looked up in his father's face, which still bore testimony to his grief. "Father, will you forgive me for disobeying you this morning?" It was the character—the moral influence of the father that had subdued the child. That father sometimes administers corporal punishment to his children. But his moral influence is always the same. Now does not this man know how to govern his child? He has several children; all, however, quite young. The two eldest have lately become hopelessly pious. They are both preparing for college—both wishing to be ministers—and both desiring to be missionaries to the heathen! Is not the government of a parent closely connected with the early conversion, or the early ruin of his children?

[From the N. Y. Observer.]

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN FRANCE.

SABBATH IN PARIS—GROWING INTEREST IN EVANGELICAL RELIGION.

PARIS, April 2d, 1835.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—We have now been about a fortnight in Paris. One of the most obvious objects that arrest the attention of an American, upon his arrival in this city, if he spends a week here, is, that there is no Sabbath in comparison with what is witnessed in New York, Philadelphia, or any other city or town in the United States, except New Orleans. In Paris, the stores and shops are generally open on that sacred day, especially in the forenoon. In the evening, many of them are shut, to allow the keepers of them a season of relaxation, which is usually spent by them at the theatres, the cafe-houses, in promenading the Boulevards, or in some other place of amusement. In many of the workshops, such as cabinet-makers' shops, &c. &c. men work from morning till night. The same is true of mantua-makers, milliners, &c. And vast multitudes of those who do not labor on that day are employed only in walking about the streets, visiting the public places, such as the Champs Elysees, &c. so that you can scarcely recognize the Sabbath in any thing external. That the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of this city have no regard to religion, and are profoundly ignorant of the true Gospel, is conceded on all hands.

But deplorable as this state of things is, there is, unquestionably, a growing interest felt on the part of some in favor of religion. Within the last fifteen years, true religion has taken root and gradually flourished. There are several excellent Protestant ministers in this city, whose labors are meeting with encouraging success. It is true, that the number of serious and pious attendants at four or five places at which these brethren preach is very small, compared with your large congregations in America; still, they furnish occasions for thanksgiving to God our Saviour. Fifteen years ago, there was scarcely any evangelical preaching in the Protestant churches in this city.

I am yours, &c.

ALABAMA.—The growth of Alabama is astonishingly rapid. It formed a part of the Territory of Mississippi from 1798 till 1817, when it was separated and placed under a territorial government. In 1819 it was admitted into the Union as one of the United States. The population in 1810 was less than 10,000; in 1816 it was 30,000; in 1818, 70,000, doubling, and more, in two years; in 1820, 130,000, nearly doubling again in two years; in 1827, 245,000; in 1830, 310,000; and now, up to this time, such has been the rush of emigration during the past five years, its population reaches, probably, half a million of souls. At the present moment, emigrants, great numbers of them wealthy planters, are pouring into the State in crowds unprecedented in former years. Mobile, its commercial emporium, has quickened under the impulse; its population has doubled within two years; real estate has advanced one hundred per cent. within the same time, extravagant as the statement may appear, and speculation in landed property is at this moment raging as fiercely in its little bowels, as in the pine woods of Maine.—Salem Gazette.

FILIAL DUTY.—There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 5 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash.

April 1.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of its writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.



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Editorial.

NEW YORK ANNIVERSARY.

One of the most gratifying signs of American Christianity, is the advancing interest in our Anniversary at New York. For years past, this interest has augmented at the recurrence of the Anniversary week; but has just closed, exhibits the spirit of moral Christian benevolence to have attained among us never before reached by our past years. It has given an impulse to all our benevolence which must last through the year, and an efficiency, never before possessed.

We are able only to present notes of meetings. The speeches, which are largely the religious papers of New York, are interesting and inspiring. We regret that we cannot fully. The solemnities of the week the celebration of the Anniversary of

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIENDS. Chatham Street Chapel. The house was well filled. A. Van Sinderen, Esq., in the chair. The Secretary read the Report, which was interesting view of the present extent of

crations. It is chiefly occupied in supplying chaplains for seamen. These are at present, Havre, Marseilles, Smyrna, and the S. In ten ports of the United States, there are organized churches for seamen. In the Mobile Bay, preparations for the public churches are going forward. Considerable has been made for the moral improvement of the internal navigation of the country.

Benefit have been maintained in Troy, U. S. Cleveland; and measures have been taken to purpose, at Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati.

Funds.—Receipts since the last annual meeting, \$12,242.56. The Society's help.

Future operations.—The Society in their operations, until every port of extension, is supplied with a Chaplain. At Havana, Singapore, Lintin, Manila, Calcutta, Ceylon, and Buenos Ayres, are all ports, to which it deems messengers of salvation.

Dr. D. M. Reese, of the Methodist I offered the first resolution, seconded by the U. S. Navy, recommending that the ed and published. Dr. Reese sustained an appropriate and brief speech.

Rev. F. A. Cox, D. D., of London, on the Convention of Baptist Churches of the U. S. addressed the meeting, on the benefit of religious reformation of seamen. He stated the salutations of the British and Foreign Society to the American institution. He re-organ of these salutations. Christianity latitudes and longitudes. A sea way cannot under our feelings and our aim looking forward to that predestined and there shall be "no more sea." He rejected outstripping the rest of the world in religion, and believed she had got in. His remarks were listened to with breath were closed with plaudits of most cordial

Rev. Mr. Choules, of New Bedford, meeting in seconding the resolution number of interesting instances of the truth in reforming the character of seamen.

Prof. Proudfit, of New York University, Resolved, That in view of the influence exert in foreign lands, their conversion of intense desire.

Mr. P. considered the language of the day is proper. "Intense desire" for the is proper in reference to all men, but respect to the sailor. His exposures depicted the sufferings and wretchedness of vessels—the uncomfortable condition of far from home and friends, and tossed in on the mountainous deep.

The great influence of sailors is evident. More than 20,000 sail from the alone; 100,000 from the